

WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT THE SALADO ESTUARY

BY DIEGO

My mom and I went for a trip throughout Guayaquil. On our trip, we passed by El Malecón del Salado. I looked by the car window and something let me down.



When we got home, I jumped out of the car a little sad because of what I had seen. Before dinner, my mother asked me what was going wrong.

—What is making you sad? Did something bother you in our trip?



I answered it was nothing, but I changed my mind immediately and told her I was horrified to see how people did not take care about the estuary. Then, mom told me that the Salado was crystal clear in the past. I looked at her and noticed a nostalgic

smile on her face: she and my dad lived near the place when they were young.

— Water was totally clean! We even used to dive in. It did not smell bad like now.

She kept talking about the estuary until dinner was served. Just like my mom, I think some others had seen these kinds of memories about the Salado estuary before it was contaminated. We hugged each other.

— I promise that I will always take care of nature in the city— I said.

Weeks later, we went for a walk by the estuary and we saw some students making a presentation in support of caring for the place. I know I am not the only one who wants a better city.

